

**A Princely Draught:**  
*Moerlein's*  
**Drinking to health in**  
*Moerlein's*  
**BEER**  
is drinking for health indeed!  
The World's Triumph of Master Brewing  
*Moerlein's Beer is thoroughly fermented and of ripe age. It never makes you bilious as young beer does. It nourishes, invigorates and tones. Ask for Moerlein's on draught. Order a case for home.*  
THE CHRISTIAN *Moerlein* BREWING CO., CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

LEWIS BEAR &amp; CO., Wholesale Dealers, Pen-ncola

**She Didn't Buy It.**  
The following story will show the high price that illustrations of reputation command for their work: A young woman who had received testimonials from Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia and was very fond of him decided, at a recent celebration of his birthday, that a fitting and appropriate gift would be the presentation of one of the original drawings of Mr. Howard Pyle for "Hugh Wynne." Forthwith she invaded The Century company's station and, with her fingers tenderly grasping a new \$10 note, asked to buy the drawing. She was informed that these pictures were never sold unless exceptions were made in cases where the artist himself or the author wished to make the purchase.  
"Just so," said the young woman. "I wish to present it to Dr. Mitchell."  
"Ah, in that case," said the gentleman at the desk, "we shall take pleasure in giving it to you at the exact price we paid for it, which is \$100."  
The little lady in her excitement dropped the \$10 bill. The gentleman at the desk picked it up for her and smiled while she hurriedly took her departure. The good doctor was presented with a less appropriate gift that year—New York Times.

**Clear and to the Point.**  
The following is taken from a hotel advertisement in the California Times: "Gentlemen who come in hotel not say anything about their meals they will be charged for, and if they should say beforehand that they are going out to breakfast or dinner, etc., and if they say that they do not have anything to eat they will be charged, and if not so they will not be charged, or unless they bring it to the notice of the manager of the place, and should they want to say anything they must order the manager for one, not any one else, and unless they bring not it to the notice of the manager they will be charged for the least things according to the hotel rate, and no fuss will be allowed afterward about it."

**A Poultry Problem.**  
A Somerville man borrowed a neighbor's hen on the pretense that he wanted her to sit. As soon as he got the hen he broke up the sitting habit and got her to laying eggs. In the next six weeks she laid two dozen eggs. These he sold for 40 cents a dozen, and with the 80 cents that he got for them he bought the hen. Now the question arises, whether the original owner of the hen was foolish or not—Somerville Journal.

**A Misleading Item.**  
Johnny—Old Mr. Skindint must be an awful generous man.  
His Father—Why?  
Johnny—The paper says he constantly keeps a good watch on everybody in his employ—Jewellers Weekly.

Japan is a corruption of the Chinese word Shih-pai-kue, which means "root of day," or "sunrise kingdom," because Japan is directly east of China.

**No Woman May Reign.**  
The question has been asked why none of the daughters of the czar may be a successor to the throne on which the great Catherine proved her capacity. The exclusion rests only on an edict of the Emperor Paul, the son of Catherine the Great, issued to discredit his mother's memory.

**MOZLEY'S LEMON ELIXIR**  
A Pleasant Lemon Tonic prepared from the fresh juice of Lemons, combined with other vegetable liver tonics, cathartics, aromatic stimulants. Sold by druggists, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.  
For biliousness and constipation. For indigestion and foul stomach. For colds and nervous headaches. For palpitation and heart failure. For sleeplessness and nervous prostration. For loss of appetite and debility. For fevers, malaria and chills. Take Lemon Elixir.  
Lemon Elixir will not fail you in any of the above named diseases, all of which arise from a torpid or diseased liver, stomach or kidneys. 50c and \$1.00 bottles at druggists. Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozley, Atlanta, Ga.

**At the Capitol.**  
I have just taken the last of two bottles of Dr. Mozley's Lemon Elixir for nervous headache, indigestion, with a bad liver and kidneys. The Elixir cured me. I found it the greatest medicine I ever used.  
J. H. Mendenhall, Attorney.  
1225 F Street, Washington, D. C.

**Mozley's Lemon Elixir**  
W. A. James, Bell Station Ala., writes: I have suffered greatly from indigestion or dyspepsia, one bottle of Lemon Elixir done me more good than all the medicine I have ever taken.

**MOZLEY'S LEMON HOT DROPS.**  
Cures all Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Hemorrhage, and all throat and lung diseases. Elegant, reliable. See at Druggists. Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozley, Atlanta, Ga.

## DAILY MARKET REPORTS.

COTTON.		
New York Feb 1	OPEN	CLOSE
February	7.70	7.87
March	7.71	7.85
April	7.68	7.88
May	7.69	7.90
June	7.69	7.85
July	7.71	7.85
AUGUST	7.87	7.98
September	7.80	7.98
October	7.78	7.92
November	7.97	7.19
December	7.97	7.19

Spot cotton closed steady 1-5 advance middling uplands 5 1/2; middling gulf 5 1/2.

## GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

CHICAGO Feb 1		
OPEN	CLOSE	
WHEAT—January	82 1/2	82 1/2
WHEAT—May	82 1/2	82 1/2
CORN—January	32 1/2	32 1/2
CORN—May	32 1/2	32 1/2
OATS—January	24 1/2	24 1/2
OATS—May	24 1/2	24 1/2
PORE—February	10 7 1/2	10 7 1/2
PORE—May	10 7 1/2	10 7 1/2
LARD—February	5 80	5 80
LARD—May	5 80	5 80
RYE—February	5 75	5 75
RYE—May	5 80	5 80

## NAVAL STORES.

WILMINGTON, Feb. 1.—Spirits turpentine firm at \$2.02 1/2; receipts 13 casks. Rosin firm at \$1.24 1/2; receipts 153. Crude turpentine firm at \$1.75 1/2; receipts 40. Rosin firm and unchanged; receipts 1,414 sales 1,661 exports 2,310.

**I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my health and life.**  
It cured me of lung trouble following grippe. Thousands owe their lives to the prompt action of this never failing remedy. It cures coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, grippe and throat and lung troubles. Its early use prevents consumption. It is the only harmless remedy that gives immediate results. Hargis' Pharmacy, John Sheppard and S. Kahn.

## A Cork Safe.

"The most curious safe I ever saw," said a traveling man, "was a cork one, and it was made by an ingenious Dutch mechanic for a one time famous confidence man named Dr. Bagges, who operated in Denver, Salt Lake City and Frisco. The safe was a folding affair, made of paper on a backing of sheet cork, and when it was opened up, was six feet high and looked exactly like the real thing. As it was always placed in a corner, it had only two sides, but every visible detail was complete—combination knob, hinges, lettering, bolt heads and all. When folded, it could be carried in an ordinary dress suit case. Bagges used the thing in a fake lottery office which was of itself a marvel of trick furnishing.  
"When the victim entered the place, it looked like an ordinary business establishment, with desks, railings, maps on the walls, safe in the corner and several clerks at work on books. The instant he left a roll top desk was opened up into a bed, the railing was folded together and slipped into a closet, a table was transformed into a washstand, a cabinet turned into a bureau, the safe was put away in its case, the curtains were pulled down, and the room was to all appearances a simple sleeping apartment. By that means the poor dupe was never able to find the place where he had been hoodwinked."  
—New Orleans Times Democrat.

## Red Tape Illustrated.

A correspondent passing hurriedly into the room of the committee on rivers and harbors pulled the knob off the door.  
"How can I get that fixed, do you think?" asked the congressman. "Shall I get the carpenter or the locksmith?"  
The locksmith, I suppose.  
"No. Were I to send for the locksmith he would tell me to consult the architect of the capitol. He has no authority to fix doorknobs. Doorknobs are permanent fixtures and are solely within the jurisdiction of the architect of the capitol."  
"Do you see that bookcase there?" said the committee secretary. "I caused the carpenter to paste some cloth on the inside of the glass door in order that the books might not show. He did the work, but when he had finished I noted that he had not cleaned the glass before he put the cloth on. The thing looked so disreputable that I asked him why he had not cleaned the glass. He told me that the glass was a permanent fixture and that he had no authority to touch it, but that the placing of the cloth upon it was a temporary matter and was entirely within the province of his labors. The whole thing's got to be done all over again."  
—Washington Cor. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

J. I. Bevery, Loganton, Pa., writes: I was cured of pneumonia entirely by the use of One Minute Cough Cure after doctors failed. It also cured my children of whooping cough. Quickly relieves and cures coughs, colds, croup, grippe and throat and lung troubles. Children all like it. Mothers endorse it. Hargis' Pharmacy, John Sheppard and S. Kahn.

## LEONITA

BY WILLIS D. HAWKINS.

As Gitano walked through the lowland grove to meet Leonita at the creek he wondered why she had grown so different; why she no longer would play the games that for years they had played together; why she now went round by the bridge and would not let him assist her across the stream.  
When he reached the open, he saw her standing by the road at the top of the hill. A horseman who had spoken with her rode away, smiling over his shoulder. Something tightened in Gitano's breast. With firm steps he came to the hilltop. "Who was he, Nita?"  
"Who but that corregidor?" she answered archly.  
"What said he?"  
"More than ever another hath said, Gitano."  
Leonita turned her face away.  
"He said that mine is the beauty of the night."  
Gitano's eyes flashed at the receding horseman.  
"Why of the night?" he asked.  
"Because," she faltered—"because—so said the corregidor—my brow is the moon touched snow upon the mountain and my eyes are the glowing stars."  
"Said he that? What more?"  
"That my hair is the midnight cloud that my lips—"  
She turned a pebble with her dainty toe.  
"That my lips?"—Gitano prompted.  
"Are the dew bright berries of holly awaiting the kiss of dawn—so said he, the corregidor."  
At the head of the road the rider looked back and raised his gleaming sombrero. Leonita waved her supple hand and smiled. But when she turned again to companion the smile departed from her lips for the sadness of his eyes rebuked her heart.

The next day and the next the rider came, but Leonita was ever away with Gitano in the lowland grove.  
Then, on the third day closed, her father said to her:  
"Nita, thou art too much with Gitano. Let him go his way. Thou art no longer a child."  
"But, my father, I am happy with Gitano."  
"So much the worse. Bide thee at home. The corregidor will come again."  
"The corregidor?"  
"Aye, Nita; he hath seen thy beauty."  
"What dost thou mean, my father?"  
"Only that thy place is here. Let Gitano go his way."  
Another day the rider came, and when he went away Leonita's face was in her hands.

"Silly child!" her father said. "Thou wilt be the corregidor, a great lady, and ride in thy coach. Is this thy gratitude for a father's loving care?"  
Gitano came at sundown to learn why Leonita had not kept their date. Her father sat with them and told Gitano all—that the corregidor had smiled upon her beauty and begged her for his bride; that the father's promise had been given; that the father was to come next morning to seal the bride, and that until then Leonita was to remain within.  
Gitano heard as in a dream. The words seemed to come over some vast distance—even from some lightless world where time had ceased to flow, and ages ago. But as her father spoke Leonita wavered a message of the thread upon her lap and trembled with excited joy to see Gitano and him.

The moon was low, when a call as of a night bird softly fell through Leonita's lattice.  
"Gitano!"  
"Nita!"  
"Check to check, they whispered from their hearts in the closed door, their lips were sealed pathetic vows of love beyond this life.  
Then through the sonnet avenue of silence they came again to view the glowing present.  
"And spoke he only of the beauty of thy face?" Gitano asked.  
"Only of that," she answered.  
"I would thou hadst no beauty, then."  
Before they parted at the lattice Leonita begged one last moment to face and rest love. A lush young vine grew in the withered gum tree at the bottom of the gorge.

"Bring me a sprig of that, Gitano, for—"  
"Remember me," said Gitano, "and when she took it from him she bade him haste to bathe his hands in milk. Then Gitano knew the cruel nature of the vine.  
"No, no! Not that," he cried.  
But the lattice was closed, and he looked on Leonita's face and horror paled his own.  
"Nita," he gasped, "is it thee—my child?"  
"Aye, my father, thy child."  
He swayed and closed his eyes.  
"Say not so," he moaned. "I cannot be. My Nita was so beautiful—so beautiful!"

In an overwhelming grief he sank upon the floor and rocked and feebly beat his breast.  
"O santo Dios! What curse is this?"  
Then came the other awful thought.  
"The corregidor will never take her now!" he cried.  
"Why, my father? Dost he love me for my face alone?"  
But the father only wailed as one gone mad.  
"The corregidor!" The corregidor! He will not have her now."  
Then came the rider with the notary.  
"She was so much a child," the father sobbed. "She played with young Gitano in the grove. She did not know the devil vine would come and choke her, and yet it hath but spoiled her face and not touched her beautiful heart."  
"Rustion," said the great corregidor, "thou hast my earnest sympathy. Here is a purse of gold."  
And with his notary he rode away.  
When Gitano, with his scathed hands, smoothed Leonita's hair, his tears expressed his heart.  
"Still thou art beautiful," he said.  
"Nay, sweet Gitano; even thou canst not say that."  
"Hush, my Nita! Time is the beauty of the day. Thy heart love is the glad, warm sunshine and my glorious soul the rainbow promise unto me."—Chicago Times Herald.

**His Grievance.**  
It is no wonder the humorist feels bitterly toward the cooking schools when these have all but eliminated the woman who thinks sponge cake is made of sponges.—Detroit Journal.

**Will Power.**  
As a lawyer Quibb's success is due largely to his great power of will.  
"Yes, I understand he has broken more wills than any other man at the bar."—Philadelphia North American.

An angel is a being who can watch another being poke a fire without offering suggestions.—Indianapolis Journal.

## AN EARLY ISSUE

The course of their true love had run smooth but for one thing—Jack believed that woman should be the vine and man the oak around which she should twine in good old fashioned style.

Joan, however, had become imbued with more modern ideas. She detested clinging, dependent womanhood and burned with a fierce desire to demonstrate to Jack that his ideas were erroneous.  
"Of course," she said to him patiently after one of their frequent discussions, "I make excuses for you, as you were born in the south, where people still think women ought to be a plaything or pet and never do anything more serious than to dance or sit on a cushion, sew up a seam or go to the opera, sing, sugar and cream." But I think every girl should be so educated that if it becomes necessary she can earn her own living.  
"How would you, for instance, start about making your living?" he asked, in a soft voice, and in a suspicion of mockery behind the softness.  
"Well," she replied, flushing, but defiant, "I could write, you know."  
"Ah!"  
"Yes, I could and can." How glad she was that she could not put her hand in her pocket and as a sort of grand climax bring out the letter she had been fingering during the interview.

"Now, read this. You see, I can earn my living, and what is more I intend to. Marriage, dependence upon a man or everything, is nothing in comparison with doing for yourself."

Surprised at this unexpected tirade, Jack took the letter she held out to him and read:  
"Dear Miss—Your story, 'A Romance of Romance,' is accepted and will appear in an early issue of our magazine. Payment will be made upon publication. Yours truly,  
D. W. McMillan, M. D., President

"Well," he asked, "what does this prove?"  
"You are stupid," she retorted petulantly. "It proves that I have started out for publication without looking them up." said Jack mildly.

After this conversation there was a fit of coolness between the lovers. They still continued lovers, but Jack ceased to urge an early marriage, and Joan seemed to have but little time to devote to him, as she was writing feverishly on a new tale. In the meantime the magazine to which she had sold her first story came out. The story was not in it, as she half hoped it might be, but she felt that it would surely be in the next number. On the strength of this hope she succumbed to temptation and bought an extravagant hat, a French importation, vastly becoming, if dear.

"I'll show Jack that I can buy my own things, and pay for them, too," she thought proudly, and the next time he took her out she pointed to the little structure of lace, straw and flowers and said that what she wanted "A Romance of Romance" had been published.

"So it is?" he asked. "I must stop at the news stand and get it."  
"Well, no," she replied, a little confused. "That I will get next month—at least they said so in an early issue, and Miss. Kelly is quite willing to wait."  
"Hush!" remarked Jack, approvingly, but as Joan was somewhat vain that exclamation might mean she changed the copy.  
She went on bravely with her work, at first the phenomenal success of her first manuscript was not followed by any more acceptances. The first of the next month Joan looked for the check which she had asked Miss. Kelly for the all, and she sought a copy of the magazine and eagerly ran over the contents, hoping the story was in it and payment had been overlooked.

Also, it was not there, and Madame had already sent in her bill twice. It was humiliating to have to call and explain to the fashionable milliner that the money upon which she depended for the payment of her bill had not yet reached her.  
Madame was by no means as sweet and gracious as she had been when the sale was effected.  
The story did not come out, but at last she yielded to Jack's exhortations and married him. "But I will not be a vine, Jack, and you needn't expect it," she declared.  
"But no more depending upon magazine editors for hats, my dear," said her husband, laughing as he handed her a receipt from Miss. Kelly for the bill, and paid at the time of their marriage, had fallen by accident into his hands.

"Oh, dear!" Joan cried, annoyed and yet relieved, for that bill had haunted even her dreams.  
"But I will pay you back, Jack, when—now, don't laugh, darling, for it will be published some time—my story comes out."  
As a matter of fact the "early issue" never came out, and Jack happened to be with the aspiring authoress when she received her check.  
"Alas, again, for human hopes! The check was paid, but half the amount of the price of the hat."  
It was a blow to Joan's pride which she nearly staggered her that Jack forbore to raise.

"Never mind, dearest," he said kindly. "We'll check off your debt with the money I have a jolly little outing with the money—a supper at the St. Nick and the theater after."  
"All right," Joan said, brightening up; "but I've learned a lesson, Jack, that I'll not forget. Next time you bid me wait again before they're batched, as 'early issues' are often pretty long in issuing."—Exchange.

**First Use of the Word.**  
The word "God" never appeared in any government act until the year 1864, when at the suggestion of the director of that road, ex-Governor Pollock of Pennsylvania, "In God We Trust" was stamped on the copper 2 cent piece. Before that time "E Pluribus Unum" had been the motto.

**Bridge's Dilemma.**  
"And remember, Bridge, there are two things I must insist upon—truthfulness and obedience."  
"Yes, mum. And when you tell me to tell the lady you're out when you're in which shall it be, mum?"—The Bits.

## WHY NEGROES TO DEATH.

Marched of I Don Now a Fugitive From Justice.  
TUPON, Ga., Jan. 31.—W. W. Beard, an officer of the law, is now evading a warrant in the hands of the sheriff, who is making a diligent search for the fugitive.

Saturday night an overcoat was missed from the hotel and Sunday morning three unknown negroes, who had come in the previous day, were arrested on suspicion. As no evidence could be obtained against them, the marshal and several men took them off in the woods to make them confess.  
The marshal beat one until he was tired and then made him beat the other two. As the negroes still denied the theft, the beating was kept up nearly all day, until late in the evening one of the negroes died, and a few hours later another one did.

They are said to have been mutilated, besides the beating. The third negro is still alive.  
A coroner's jury was summoned and after investigation returned a verdict that the deceased "came to their death at the hands of W. W. Beard, the marshal, and others, and that the same was wilful murder."  
A warrant was issued for Beard's arrest, but he has left for parts unknown.

**Medical Society, Attention.**  
There will be a regular meeting of the Pensacola Medical Society at the Board of Health office at 5 o'clock p. m. Tuesday, Feb. 13 and 27. Visiting physicians are cordially invited to attend.  
D. W. McMillan, M. D., President  
E. F. BRUCE, M. D., Secretary. 25mt

## DRINK LION BEER!



Endorsed by all Physicians as the only Beer absolutely free from adulteration  
Geo. Pfeiffer, Agent, PENSACOLA.  
Try It On Tap at all Saloons.

## Kodol Dyspepsia Cure.

**Digests what you eat.**  
It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps, and all other results of imperfect digestion. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. Hargis' Pharmacy, John Sheppard.

**PENNYROYAL PILLS**  
Original and Only Genuine  
For the cure of all cases of Female Complaints, such as Painful Menstruation, Leucorrhoea, etc. It is a purely vegetable preparation, and is the most reliable and safe remedy for all cases of Female Complaints. It is sold by all druggists and is the only one that is guaranteed to cure. Price 25 cents a box. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. Hargis' Pharmacy, John Sheppard.

**GOLAY**  
Grist and Corn Meal Mills, M. F. GONZALEZ & CO., Prop's, Manufacturers, CHOICE MEAL AND PURE GROUND STOCK FEED.

Patronize Home Industry, for there is every reason to believe that your Mail and Stock Feed from the Home Manufacturer, for by so doing you encourage home industry. Your money goes into the community and you in turn are indirectly benefited. In governing the home manufacturer you contribute to the ease of labor. You owe it to the community in which you live and which contributes to your support.

**Indigestion!**  
We challenge the world to produce a remedy equal to the Matchless Mineral Water for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia and all forms of Stomach, Bowel Troubles and Skin Diseases. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Cost only 5 cents a day to use it. One dollar bottle last twenty days.

For sale by all druggists; also W. T. Green & Co. 37 S. Palafox Street.  
OR ADDRESS  
W. W. WILKINSON, Greenville, Ala.  
Testimonial From Judge Gaston.  
GREENVILLE, ALA., AUG. 10, 1899.  
I take great pleasure in certifying to the purity and merit of Wilkinson's Matchless Mineral Water. This natural mineral tonic, to my personal knowledge, is taken from a well three miles east of Greenville in the exact condition in which it is sold. I have used it with water used with wonderful success, for dyspepsia, indigestion, sour eyes and for eruptive diseases, sores and ulcers on man and animal. As a remedy for these troubles, I do not believe its equal exists. It is highly recommended by physicians for a number of diseases.

ELIZ. GASTON, Judge of Probate Court, Butler County, Alabama.  
**Peter Bell,**  
201 East Intendencia Street.

## CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
in Use For Over 30 Years.  
THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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SILK VELVET.  
The very perfection of Kentucky Whiskies, Imported and Bottled by S. A. FRIEDMAN, Louisville, Ky.  
Wines, Liquors, Brandies  
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Jug and Keg Trade a Specialty.

**The Star Laundry.**  
THE PIONEER LAUNDRY OF WEST FLORIDA!  
A Fastidious Dresser  
is always happy when he notes the beauty of the exquisite Laundry work that we have put upon shirts, collars and cuffs, for evening or business wear. Our medium or dull finish, put upon the immaculate and beautiful shirt that our perfect method insure, cannot be equalled by any laundry in the state.

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—DEALER IN—  
EVERYTHING THAT FIRST-CLASS  
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Whiskies, Wines, Cordials, &c, Etc.,  
of the Best and Most Popular Brands.  
Jug Trade a Specialty!  
Orders Promptly Filled and Satisfaction Guaranteed.  
Remember the Place,  
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WHAT ITS NAME IMPLIES  
**THE CREAM OF KENTUCKY**  
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